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## BRIEF MENTION.

In my world of dreams there lives and moves a Brief History of Greek Literature in which the space allotted to each author is measured by the rôle he has played in the literary annals of the English tongue. The theme was suggested many years ago by Dante's perspective of classical literature, so different from ours; and in the hands of one equal to the task the results would be not uninteresting, especially if the statistical method were applied. Mythical names like Orpheus, semi-mythical names like Arion, are familiar as household words. The false Anakreon has effaced the true Anakreon. Compare the angle subtended by Archilochos, the angle subtended by Theognis, if measured by their remains, if measured by the mention of them in English literature. Nor is it always the great names that count in reference and in influence, and in Dr. SAMUEL LEE WOLFF's monograph, *The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction* (Columbia University Press), we find an illustration of the disparity which I have signalized. The book will doubtless challenge the attention of competent critics. *Brief Mention* is equal only to a summary of the contents. It is made up of two parts. In Part One—*The Greek Romances*—which takes up nearly half the volume, Dr. WOLFF presents us with an elaborate study of the Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus, the Clitophon and Leucippe of Achilles Tatius, the Daphnis and Chloe attributed to one Longus. For various reasons the names Daphnis and Chloe have a hold on modern literature that the others have never gained: and Longus, the mere shadow of a name, brings up to every scholar the droll misadventure of the French Hellenist, Paul-Louis Courier, brings up to me the memory of my lamented friend, John Henry Wheeler, who during the summer of 1880 turned his back on the allurements of Paris in order to collate a MS of Longus in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Sad to relate, after his death only a few Sibylline leaves of the collation were discovered among his papers, and Wheeler's critical edition of Longus, which would have been distinctly worth while, never saw the light. Nonne fuit satius? is a sigh that makes itself heard from the depth of the scholar's experience of life as well as from the melodious verse of bucolic and elegiac poet; and after all it might be better even for the staid mother of the Muses now and then to throw her cap over the mills of the gods—grind them never so fine.

And fine is the grist ground by Dr. WOLFF, and the possibilities of the intrusion of alien matter are incalculable; but I am not going to indulge in microscopic criticism. It is enough to emphasize here the importance of the work for the student of English literature. As Dr. WOLFF sums it up: 'Heliodorus and Longus are respectively secondary and primary sources of Shakespeare'; 'Lyly's Euphues probably occupies a place in a long tradition that goes back to Greek Romance'; 'both Sidney and Greene were steeped in the matter and the style of Greek fiction, and Sidney went so far as to remodel his *Arcadia* after the pattern of Heliodorus' narrative'.

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In Part One the introductory chapter deals with the general characteristics and chronology of the three romances, with analyses of the stories themselves. The second chapter treats of Character, Humour, Setting, Structure, Style. An interchapter has to do with the accessibility of the chief of the Greek Romances to the Elizabethan writers, and forms a supplement to the tabular exhibit given in the opening of the book. In Part Two the author sets forth the obligations of John Lyly, Sir Philip Sidney, Robert Greene, and Thomas Nash to the aforesaid Greek Romances. Appendices A, B and C, a Bibliography, and Index, without which no book deserves to live, complete the work.

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A perfunctory notice this of an ambitious work, and Dr. WOLFF may be inclined to join in the remonstrance of a German publisher, who wrote to me the other day, 'None of your perfunctory notices. We have no use for anything but substantial reviews', as if in the vast majority of cases anything more than the acknowledgment among *Books Received* were possible for the Journal, as if some of the German philological magazines did not refuse to guarantee even that (A. J. P. XVII 390). And so with acquired hardihood I proceed to say some of the obvious things about this whole line of research, which is black with investigators, who, to use the familiar figure of Dryden, are tracking the moderns in the snow of the ancients. That we are all debtors to our predecessors from the time when 'Omer smore 'is bloomin' lyre' down to the time of Stahl's Syntax of the Greek Verb is freely admitted, but this general acknowledgment does not suffice. We not only strip the jackdaw of his feathers and trace each feather to the part of the bird from which it is taken, but we run down the fable of the feathers itself to its ultimate source. The quest has the irresistible charm of the

detective story. One becomes a Gaboriau, a Sherlock Holmes. It is so throughout the whole field of philology. Whence that interpretation? Whence that emendation? Whence that formula? The whole thing is a tradition from the days of the Alexandrian *grammatici*; and the fragments thereof remain in the scholia. Our modern methods are more exact, more persistent, and there are few of our leaders who dare say with Wilamowitz that like Plato they care more for the λόγος than for οἱ λέγοντες. In periods of creative activity your healthy ancient, yes, your healthy modern, troubled himself little about sources, about the charge of plagiarism. These periods over, the packs of Alexandrian scholars, of modern scholars, have busied themselves in nosing out the origin of this fancy and that fancy, this and that story. No man is supposed to have a brook of his own; everybody is supposed to have drawn from the tank of some other man, as Coleridge puts it. What would Shakespeare have cared about all the proofs of his indebtedness? Molière snapped his fingers at those who made him out to be under heavy obligations to Spain. And, to cite a very modern instance, Charles Reade was notoriously a thief of the world. 'The pedigree of honey', sings the New England Sappho, 'Does not concern the bee'. Most assuredly it did not concern the Matinian bee. It did not concern Vergil. The Roman poets rifled Greek prose as well as Greek poetry. Every fresh find of Greek lyric fragments contributes to the sources of Horace. But as has been well said: If Alkaios and the rest of the nine lyric poets were to rise from the dead, Horace would still be Horace. Hesiod's *τίκτουσιν δὲ γυναῖκες εὐκότα τέκνα γονεῦσιν* reappears in 'laudantur simili prole puerperae', but there is a malicious tang of Horatian honey in 'laudantur', such as we do not find in Nossis's version (A. P. VI 353: *ἡ καλὸν ὄκα πέλοι τέκνα γονεῦσιν ἴσα*). To be sure, it fretted me not long ago to find Sappho's *γλυκύπικρον* ascribed to Poseidippos, as has been done by those who ought to know better; but *γλυκύπικρον* may not have been original with Sappho. There is no 'Chi l'ha detto', no 'L'Esprit des Autres' for those early times. It does not follow necessarily that Propertius should have taken from Vergil the 'Nonne fuit satius' that I have just quoted. 'I do not remember', says a recent writer, 'who first inverted Franklin's sententious remark about not asking for luxuries'. Why should he want to remember the origin of any thought so obvious? Why identify the author of the pronouncement as to the relative value of luxuries and necessities? Some French writer calls him a 'fils de Gavarni', and at the name Garvarni there rises to my mind's eye out of the flood of years the image of a shirt-sleeved philosopher, polishing his boots, with an opera ticket protruding from his waist-coat pocket, and the legend, 'Pourquoi se priver du superflu quand on peut se passer du nécessaire'? At my present distance from libraries, this secondary source must suffice me.

And so, I must confess, it was with somewhat languid interest that I addressed myself to the study of WILAMOWITZ'S recent memoir on *Mimnermos and Propertius*. But the title misled me. The relation of Propertius to Mimnermos occupies only a small part of a paper, which, short as it is, would furnish forth half a dozen *Brief Mentions* with its wealth of comment and suggestion. Beginning with a critical study of the fragment in Stobaeus Flor. VII 11, the writer passes on to the discussion of the character of the old Ionic elegy, which, like the iambus, dealt with concrete things and not with the mere commonplaces of the anthologies, and then proceeds to reinforce the reading *λιγυστάδης* for *Λιγυστάδης* in the familiar lines of Solon addressed to Mimnermos. The word is not a patronymic but a characteristic of the clear-voiced singer, who had no paternity worth mentioning. It appears also that when Solon bade Mimnermos change his song and substitute *ὀδωκονταέτη* for *ἑξηκονταέτη* in the notorious line, *ἑξηκονταέτη μοῖρα κίχου θανάτου*, he was addressing not an old man but a young man to whom sixty years seemed many ages away, so that we have to go back to the old chronology, as we must hold to the old tradition that Mimnermos was a Colophonian, not a Smyrniote. Those who remember Byron's cynical use of the proverb *ἄριστα χαλὸς οἶφεί* will be interested in WILAMOWITZ'S discussion of it. The saying is ascribed to Mimnermos, but WILAMOWITZ finds no evidence of iambi in Mimnermos. Iambic poetry belongs to another region, was the vehicle of another school. The curious fact that a fragment of Mimnermos turns up in the Theognidea leads to a discussion of that famous collection, for which WILAMOWITZ desiderates a much more thorough treatment than it has received thus far. We must address ourselves, it appears, to the task of putting each fragment in its proper place and unmasking the creatures who have worked over bits of early poetry in the interest of stale moralities. From this point of view the Theognidea are more interesting than Theognis himself. Here it would seem to me that eidographic syntax might have something to say. Elegy and epos are not one, even if, as everybody knows, *ἔπη* is used of both. If *τὴν σαντοῦ φρένα τέρπε* is Mimnermean, as WILAMOWITZ maintains, I die contented (A. J. P. XXXIII 107). It presents an aspect of 'Freut euch des Lebens' which is impossible for epic. *τὴν σαντοῦ φρένα τέρπε* is not epic syntax. Epic syntax is what we find in the scandalous distich *οἷον μὲν μοῖραν δέκα μοιρέων τέρπεται ἀνὴρ, τὰς δέκα δ' ἐμπύλησι γυνὴ τέρπουσα νόημα*.

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The title Nanno, WILAMOWITZ goes on to say, is an Alexandrian device, the number of books, however, two, is a trustworthy tradition. And this Nanno brings us to the Cynthia

of Propertius, and the oft-quoted line: (1, 9, 12) Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero. Of course, one does not need to be told that this mention of Mimnermos proves nothing for Propertius' first-hand acquaintance with the poet. Mimnermos was typical, just as Philainis was typical. Indeed, I doubt very much whether the anthologist who referred to Philainis as πολύχαρμος (A. P. V 202) was any better acquainted with the real Philainis than was my old Christian friend, Justin Martyr, who coupled her with that other apostle of the lust of the flesh, Archestratos. Even if Horace's line (Ep. 2, 2, 101) is accepted as an intimation that Propertius, not content with calling himself a Roman Kallimachos (4, 1, 64: Umbria Romani patria Callimachi) undertook to be a Mimnermos as well (fit Mimnermos et optivo cognomine crescit), that may be nothing more than the literary trick of taking a name in vain, a trick with which we are all familiar. The title Cynthia may have been suggested by Nanno, as Nanno itself was suggested by the Lyde of Antimachos; and WILAMOWITZ finds himself unable to show any direct contact between the Umbrian poet and the Colophonian. Apart from a couple of concrete fragments, the one that deals with the taking of Smyrna and the one that deals with the battle between the Smyrniotes and Gyges, apart from the barge of the sun, in which we recognize the barge of Arthur, there is nothing but a succession of sighs about the shortness of life and the brevity of youth, the transitoriness of golden Aphrodite, the unloveliness of old age—standing themes of erotic poetry. But he who is bent on discovering sources need never despair. Nothing would be more in Propertius' vein than correcting his original, and it might not be hard to maintain that in his description of the loves of Tithonus and Aurora (2, 18) he may have had in mind the lines of Mimnermos:

Τιθωνῷ μὲν ἔδωκεν ἔχειν κακὸν ἄφθιτον ὁ Ζεὺς  
γῆρας ὃ καὶ θανάτου ῥίγιον ἀργαλέον.

To judge by Propertius, Tithonus was a male Ninon, and his leers far better than the wine of younger men, a case fully set forth in Balzac's *Vieille fille*. It is only an accident that the Greek Anthology has not preserved companion-pieces to the poems which extol the *beaux restes* of ancient beauties (A. P. V 13, 258). And once on the subject of Propertius and parallels, I will not withhold the amusing contrast between homely Greek and elegant Latin which came up to my mind in reading Propertius (2, 22, 35):

aspice uti caelo modo sol modo luna ministret:  
sic etiam nobis una puella parum est.  
altera me cupidis teneat foveatque lacertis,  
altera si quando non sinit esse locum.

How much heartier the old verse and the comment thereon :

ἀ ὅς τὰν βάλανον τὰν μὲν ἔχει τὰν δ' ἔραται λαβεῖν·  
 κάγῳ παῖδα καλὴν τὴν μὲν ἔχω τὴν δ' ἔρμαιι λαβεῖν.

which is my favorite illustration of the *ethos* of the Greater Asclepiadean.

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As a manner of preparation for the study of a book which had been insistently recommended to the good graces of *Brief Mention*, I took from its case and read over again after the lapse of some years Mr. Horton's *In Argolis*; for the scene of Mrs. DRAGOUMIS'S *Tales of a Greek Island* (Houghton Mifflin Company) is laid on Poros, and Mr. Horton's book deals with the life of Poros and incidentally with the life of Greece. I too have seen Poros, and for me also it has a charm of its own against which I had to be on my guard, if I was to be an honest critic. I saw it first as I was on my sea-way to Athens, when my eyes were greeted by a sight of the Royal yacht as it dashed out of the naval station at Poros; and I was afterwards to spend a memorable afternoon there, to ascend through the fragrant woods to the Temple of Poseidon and from that vantage-ground to behold Athens at a distance, as Demosthenes may have seen his Athens, when he staggered out of the sacred precinct, though his vision was doubtless blurred by the fatal drug which ended the long duel with the Macedonian. An ill-judged struggle, according to Professor Mahaffy. To some people all lost causes are ill-judged struggles. The Greek did not take his life with the ease of the Roman. Suicide was not a ready relief with him, but a last resort. Of course, the Greek woman yielded to despair sooner than the Greek man, and the national mode was a feminine mode. 'Go hang', we too say; and ἀγξυσθαι stands alone as a direct reflexive for self-murder. There was something feminine in the excitability of the Βάραλος, as his enemies called Demosthenes—something of the Megaira in his makeup. So Poros, as Kalareia, has undying associations with death, and as Poros, it is beautiful. 'Lovely Poros', exclaimed our former Minister to Greece, the late Professor Alexander, 'lovely Poros, where the divine sea sparkles at one's feet, and the air is sweet with blossoms of orange and of lemon; where nightingales are always singing, and groves of aged olives give dignity to fields gay with poppies and anemones'. I know a man who crossed the Atlantic over and over again to summer at Sorrento, and I can understand that. I know another who would gladly cross the Atlantic and traverse the Mediterranean to see Poros once more and dream the dream of old age with the Sleeping Woman—a mountain, mind you, which figures in Mr. Horton's book as in Mrs. DRAGOUMIS'S: 'a great giantess asleep upon her

back. Wonderfully noble and classic are the features', continues Mr. Horton, 'serene unto death and yet with the intelligence of life'.

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I have called Mr. Horton's book a preparation. I intended it as a prophylactic, because I remembered it as a book full of homely details, and I have a perverse way of disillusioning myself in advance in order that I may yield to the illusion more unreservedly afterwards. When I first saw the Oberammergau play in 1860, I made the acquaintance of the principal actors and actresses, and took beer with the protagonist of the great tragedy. Truth to tell, he bore himself in the familiar intercourse of daily life with a serene dignity which made me understand the play better and some other things also. So I took Mr. Horton's book, written by a clear-eyed American who was thoroughly familiar with the life he was describing, to be just the prophylactic I needed to keep me from falling under the Circean spell of Mrs. DRAGOUMIS. But if Mr. Horton's book is full of homely details, described with remorseless fidelity, there are homely details in Theokritos; and after all *In Argolis* is an idyll, as Mrs. DRAGOUMIS's tales are idyllic. Here is what Mr. Howells wrote of *In Argolis*: 'It is delightful, every word of it, with just that mixture of the epic and idyllic and domestic and divine that is peculiarly American'. Mr. Horton is as full of poetry as Mrs. DRAGOUMIS, and so after reading Mrs. DRAGOUMIS's book and yielding to its charm, I began to compare the two in detail, to note the differences and the coincidences, to count the recurrences, to make a list of the things that strike the casual tourist, the things that a long resident foreigner thought it worth while to interpret, the things that a native woman of refinement would dwell on, would glance at, would avoid. There is, for instance, no smell of garlic on Mrs. DRAGOUMIS's literary raiment. Mr. Horton's book may be said to be impregnated with it. The stench and filth—unmentionable filth which disillusiones the foreigner—are barely alluded to by the daughter of Greece who daintily draws her skirts away from the refuse-heap into which Mr. Horton resolutely thrusts his walking-stick. But when the American man and the Greek woman turn the fair side outward, they are rivals in poetical expression. If you want matter of fact, you must look to such a writer as Mr. Zimmern, who stands no nonsense about flowers and fruits. Greece, he says after Mr. Myres, is a jamless world; and nothing could present a sharper contrast than Mr. Horton's description of the asphodel and Mr. Zimmern's note on the same vegetable growth. Mr. Horton says of it: 'A stately plant, as befits the symbol of death; for it stands up tall and straight with stalks that branch out symmetrically from the main stem. The plain where it grows seems a great table, set with many silver candelabra'. Silver candelabra,



forsooth! Here is what Mr. Zimmern says of the asphodel: 'The asphodel is a sort of overgrown hyacinth, and is one of the commonest scrub flowers. To the ordinary Greek farmer the name conveyed nothing of the romance which our poets have woven round it' (Greek Commonwealth, p. 43). The fact is, wherever fancy comes in, fact suffers—perhaps ought to suffer. Zola's description of Rome is said to be marvellously exact in view of his short sojourn. But it suited him to say that there were no bells in Rome, 'those friends of the humble', nothing but domes; whereas Frederic Harrison complains that 'the air is heavy with the jangle of incessant belfries'.

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But an analysis of recent books on Greece after the pattern of my syntactical studies would carry me too far, and the half dozen lines promised to Mrs. DRAGOUMIS's stories threatens to grow into a many page review. The charm of her book lies not only in the personality it reveals, but also in the vivid description of the scenery, the immediate vision she gives of the home life of the Poriotas, the sharp individuality of the characters. We cease to be tolerant, if we have been only tolerant before, we become sympathetic. The tales themselves are in the main sad, and the story by which these tragedies of humble life are bound together does not end in a true lover's knot. The boy and the girl of the opening go apart at the end. The situations, often sombre, are somewhat relieved by a certain Kyra Sophoula, who appears and reappears as a manner of chorus and whose acrid comments remind one of the tang of the *resinata*, which one must learn to like, it is said, if one is to get into tune with the Greece of to-day. Kyra Sophoula will linger in the memory longer than the gentler spirits that flit before us in Mrs. DRAGOUMIS's pages.

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I have no qualms of conscience about the space I have given to Mr. Horton and yielded to Mrs. Dragoumis. Their books enter directly into the studies of the Hellenist. There is a constant increase in the number of scholars who make themselves personally acquainted with the land and the people of Hellas, with the language or rather the languages that are spoken on the sacred soil of Greece; and much to the advantage of those who are chiefly concerned with the life of the classical past. Books like Mr. Grundy's Thucydides and the History of His Age, like Mr. Zimmern's Greek Commonwealth have a vitality that comes from the sky and the land of Hellas. In my youth a man who knew the Greek of the Nineteenth Century was a rarity and there were few among my German teachers who could speak of Greece from actual vision. Welcker was one

and I shall never forget his description of a walk from Athens towards Eleusis, when he was overtaken by the same kind of storm that overcame the watchman and his fellows in the *Antigone*, *μύσαντες δ' εἴχομεν θέϊαν νόσον*. It was Welcker that introduced us to Alkiphron as a witness of the climatic conditions of Athens which had not changed so much after all. Franz was another of my teachers who was at home in Greece. He had been tutor to King Otho and was renowned for his familiar command of ancient Greek in writing and in speech. But with the modern tongue he had but little patience. He was a thorough-paced archaizer, and would not admit the analogy between Italian and Romaic. Modern Greek, he said, was not a new west out of old material. It was a rag, a 'lappen'. It is not so many years since it was considered somewhat of a feat when Classen in his old age visited Greece in the interest of his Thukydides. Now with the recent facilities of travel every other tourist can talk of Athens, Epidaurus, Olympia. But as I recall my own visit, as I read the glowing descriptions of Mr. Horton and Mrs. Dragoumis I cannot suppress a word in favor of the Greece of our dreams, the Greece that was before the days of the tribe of Thomas Cook and Son. The changes in the land of Greece may, it is true, have gone on in some respects along the lines of classical times. Mountain and watercourse may enable us to follow the study of the ancient battlefields, but in order to reproduce the Greece of our boyhood, we must do as Méryon did, who in his etchings simply thought away much of the Paris of his times, and so in the vision of the actual Greece we must think away much that fills the eye and charms the eye. Read again the words that I have quoted from Professor Alexander's description of Poros. The sea is there and the olive-trees are there and there is a distinct gain in the sight of the Greek sea, and in contemplating the Greek olive-tree. But there were no oranges and lemons in the old days—to say nothing of the exotic eucalyptus. The people—delightful as some of them are—do not answer to the Greek type as we know it from the monuments. The conquest of the black over the blond which is going on everywhere is complete. It has been contended that even in antiquity the blond beauty was emphasized because of its rarity. I have read and heard that there are villages of odd corners of Greece where the blond type survives, but I was a little surprised at Mr. Horton's 'towheaded' urchins. I should never have used the adjective of the school-boys I saw assembled in Sparta. When as boys we were taught the history of the Persian War, we were told that it embodied the eternal conflict between Orient and Occident, and despite all that one reads in Curtius about the nearness of Greece to Asia Minor, its practical remoteness from Italy, it is hard to realize the orientalism of Greece. There is no touch of orientalism in the Greece that we learned in school. The Orient is with us at every turn in the Greece that now is.

Greece is not in Europe, and in some aspects the ineffable Greek is nearer to the unspeakable Turk than we are to either. The kingdom of Hellas is a spiritual kingdom.

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All my fellow students of 1850-1853 are gone—Baumeister, Wölfflin, Hug, my close friend Hübner, to pick out a few of those whose names are written in the chronicles of scholarship. Vahlen was the last to go, working to the end and ever widening the distance that separated him from the mass of those who sat on the same benches with him in the days of Bonn and of Ritschl. I paid my tribute to him while he was living. What can my small voice add to the chorus of eulogy now? I can only protest against the keynote that makes itself heard whenever a veteran falls—a keynote I myself have struck from time to time. Do not call him the exemplar of a bygone day. There is no bygone day for any life that has been so well worth living as Vahlen's.

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Another scholar, not a fellow-student but a close contemporary, withdrawn for some years from active work as a teacher but busy in his chosen field so long as health and strength permitted, has joined the quiet ranks of those whose labors are over. A master workman he, who won for American scholarship a name that gained recognition for his countrymen. Not a fellow-student of mine, for he came to Germany after my time, William Watson Goodwin seems to count as one, for he followed the teachings of very much the same masters at Göttingen and elsewhere and underwent the same influences, though the fruit of his studies was not so long withheld. When Bernays was gathering the material for his *Life of Scaliger*, Ritschl warned him against postponing publication too long. 'Don't let your chestnuts get burned', said he; and Goodwin did not let his chestnuts get burned—whether of German origin or homegrown. In my eyes the *Moods and Tenses* was an audacious venture for so young a man—it was published in 1860, when he was not yet thirty—but the blockade of the Southern States shut me out from all intercourse with foreign scholarship for four long years, so that I could not follow the fortunes of the *Moods and Tenses*; and it was not until the Civil War was over that I discovered how brilliant a success the *Moods and Tenses* had been. Introduced under favorable circumstances into England at a time when English Hellenists were not familiar with Krüger and Madvig, the work became a standard. Quite apart from his command of what was the common property of all who had been trained in Germany, Goodwin brought to his task qualities that commended them.

selves to the practical Anglo-Saxon mind. No specialist could reproach him with supersubtlety, prolixity, obscurity, or the impertinence of figurative language; and what some might have considered a defect—the absence of definitions—was in the eyes of others one recommendation the more. Goodwin was more concerned with the behavior of the moods and tenses than with their origin, and applied to them the rules that sensible people apply to commerce with the world at large. The high position thus early gained as an ultimate authority for English-speaking Hellenists, the *Moods and Tenses* has maintained for half a century, and the term of its usefulness is not in sight. Each successive issue was enriched by wider reading and closer observation, until the author gathered himself up for the great Revised Edition, which has made all the others obsolete and which became a finality for Goodwin himself. Most of us crystallize long before sixty, though few of us are aware of the process.

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Goodwin's activity did not limit itself to matters grammatical. He was an authority on Attic law; he was a close student of Greek history; he was versed in the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. His edition of Demosthenes' *De Corona* is the culmination of a lifelong study of the orator and his times. But it is the *Moods and Tenses* that has made him known wherever Greek is studied, and as an interesting specimen of the attitude of the undergraduate mind towards this renowned text-book I copy from the daily press the following tribute to the Harvard scholar's great achievement: 'In the *Moods and Tenses*', says an editorial writer in the *New York Sun* of June 20, '<Goodwin> collected with an inhuman industry and an Attic or Indian subtlety all the deviltries of a copious, casuistic and perfidious syntax, collected them for the wonder and despair of a generation.' One seems to be reading a legend of the construction of some mediaeval cathedral, some mediaeval bridge, in which the Evil One is supposed to have had a hand. To have left a typical name,—there is nothing better than that even for the Scaligers, the Bentleys, the Porsons, whom the irresponsible chronicler of current events always cites whenever a classical scholar is gathered to his fathers.

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C. W. E. M.: Whilst the palaeographer has every reason to be grateful for the number, variety, and excellence of the collections of palaeographic facsimiles that have been published in recent years, it is nevertheless true that most of these collections have been so expensive as to be beyond the reach of the average scholar, and so unwieldy as to attract few but specialists. But two years ago, the firm of Marcus and Weber in Bonn in-

augurated a series of inexpensive and handy collections of facsimiles, which, bearing the title of *Tabulae in usum scholarum* are being issued under the editorial supervision of JOHANNES LIETZMANN.

The second number of this series now lies before me, the *Papyri Graecae Berolinenses*, Collegit WILHELM SCHUBART (Bonnae, A. Marcus et E. Weber; Oxoniae, apud Parker et Filium; MCMXI; 20X30 cm., cloth, flexible covers; M. 6.). The object of the present work is a threefold one: 1. To provide reading matter for beginners. 2. To illustrate the various kinds of papyri. 3. To furnish materials for the use of the trained palaeographer. In view of this threefold object, the collection has been made to embrace literary, epistolary, and documentary material of many kinds and of every degree of difficulty. The editor has even called into requisition a few ostraka, two parchments, and a wax-tablet, and, in three instances, he has not hesitated to go outside of Berlin to secure certain material without which the collection would not have been complete. The facsimiles are eighty in number and have been distributed among fifty plates. These plates have been arranged in chronological order, and, where definite chronological data have been lacking, the author has been obliged to use his own judgment as to the proper sequence. As the chronological order does not correspond with the order of difficulty, a table has been supplied in which, besides a division into literary and non-literary specimens, there appears also a subdivision of the non-literary facsimiles into those that are easy, medium, and difficult. The plates are accompanied by twenty-eight pages of letter press, which, in addition to the transliteration of most of the facsimiles, give the necessary information as to the provenance, place of publication, contents, chronology, style of writing, etc., of all of the specimens, the whole concluding with a tabular conspectus of the plates. From the point of view of those beginners who have no access to the Berliner Griechische Urkunden, the Elephantine Papyri, the Berliner Klassiker Texte, it was perhaps a mistake not to have furnished the complete transcription of every facsimile. Fortunately, the number of such omissions is small, and the usefulness of the book is not seriously impaired. But apart from this consideration, it may be said without prejudice to the merits of previous publications that the work described above has supplied a long-felt want. There was need of just such a convenient, inexpensive, and attractive volume as this, containing such an abundance and variety of material, and compiled and edited by so competent a papyrologist as SCHUBART. The book is destined to give a great impetus to the study of Greek palaeography and of Greek papyrology, and both editor and publishers deserve our congratulations and sincere thanks.